

a journey to the Land of Happiness—He took no companion with him, but on his way he met with Miss *Patient*, an elderly staid female, called *Reason*, and a youth who was known by the name of *Passion*—The last of these came rushing on like a torrent, and generally went to the left; Miss *Patient* came on more sedately upon the right hand, while *Reason* kept the middle way.

A stream, however, stopped them, and a storm drove them to shelter, when commencing an acquaint-

ance—"whither are you going so fast?" said Miss *Patient* to Master *Headstrong*.—"Whither are you creeping so slowly!" said he. On comparing accounts, it appeared they were both bound for the Regions of Happiness, towards which *Reason* offered to direct their course. *Passion* said, he was full as well acquainted with the way, and Master *Headstrong* was much inclined to believe him; but after some disputes they consented that she should be their guide, as she had conducted